

WHAT HE THINKS—AN' DOES.

WITHOUT A WORD.

[Written for This Paper.]

word and by a girl who could not utter a word.

As weeks went on he sank deeper and more hopelessly into the morass of his infatuation.

He set to work to learn the sign language. He would go to night to meet her upon her own ground.

One afternoon he started out for a stroll. He left the town walks and struck for the open country. He descended the hill and skirted the institute grounds and return by another road.

He had quite cleared the suburbs when, not far in advance, he saw an object which for a moment seemed to tempt him to cross his tracks.

Upon a narrow, vale like leading to a field beyond stood a woman. Distress was in every line of her slim figure.

With a violent palp of his heart he saw it was Miss Westlander. At the sound of his approaching steps she quickly turned her face in his direction. She looked as if upon the verge of tears.

At the same moment the secret of her distress was revealed. A goat that was pretending to cross the track near by lifted his nostrils, scanned the newcomer recently and took several aggressive steps in his direction.

Rawleigh had a cane and was by means intimidated. But as he vanished the goat lowered his horns and prepared to charge. This he did at once and with such directness and force that Rawleigh had no alternative but to dodge him, aim a wild blow at him and run.

The stile was the only refuge at hand. He reached it with commendable alacrity. Two lower steps were missing and he scaled the rickety flight at a bound.

He found himself suddenly standing by Miss Westlander's side on that narrow space.

"I don't speak, for of course she could not hear. Then both began to laugh.

"Isn't it absurd?" he began slowly with his fingers.

"I don't think gleefully.

"I have been here more than an hour," she answered rapidly with her fingers, pointing to the goat.

"Can't we sit down?" he asked in pantomime.

"There was just room, by sitting close together, for them to perch upon the top step. They adjusted themselves there as if to consider the situation.

Miss Westlander's distress had receded into the keenest scene of the ridiculous. Her gray eyes brimmed with mirth.

"How long must we wait here?" pointing to their cap'or.

"I don't care," with a dash of exclamation he could not hide, and at which she blushed.

"Do you understand me readily?" was his next question.

She balanced her little hand in the air with a slight, expressive shrug of the shoulder, as if to say: "Only passably."

"I read you perfectly," he said, "but why do I talk the way so fast?" Her fingers flew through letters and signs until he was bewildered.

"Hold on," he cried, aloud.

"Ah—we read from the lips some times—you said 'hold on.'"

"You are," she spelled, clumsily, "pray do take breath."

But she would not. Letters, gestures, changes of expression, often altogether, followed in a whirlwind.

"Oh, the witches are in you," he exclaimed, "I can't understand a word you say," with a despairing sign of not having caught her meaning.

She still went on. To counterbalance his chagrin he began a running fire of comments aloud with the intense satisfaction of knowing she could not hear.

"You little windmill. You talk me blind. If you belonged to me I should enjoy being scolded like that, because I should simply look away—like this," and he turned an unmoving gaze upon her friend, the goat.

She was forced to stop for want of an audience.

Presently the owner of the goat appeared with a rope tied to his hand. That hostile creature ran to meet him with a bleat and allowed himself to be led away.

There was no longer any reason why they should not escape. Rawleigh helped Miss Westlander down from her perch with a regretful sigh.

He walked to the gate of the institute grounds with her. He asked leave to call upon her. She hesitated—pleaded that she was busy—and did not seem to wish it.

He went home dazed and confused beyond anything he had ever known.

From this day on mere dreaming in Rawleigh's passion was over. He left no means untried to be near Miss Westlander. But in one way or another he was nearly always thwarted.

But his opportunity came at last.

One of the banker Westlander's daughters was to be married. It was to be a quiet wedding to which Rawleigh as a special friend of the groom was invited. He was certain he should meet the lady of his heart there.

He sent her a bunch of roses and asked her to wear them. He supplied himself with a tablet, so as to avoid

governors. The doctor says
for the information of the you

and if allowed to increase without molestation become a nuisance to the

issue by saying that it was too

[illegible]